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*The*  
**ANCHOR**



**1905**

**MARCH ISSUE**

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# The Anchor

"Spera in Deo"

VOLUME XVIII

MARCH, 1905

NUMBER 13

## Simon Bolivar

By B. J. BUSH

"The Christ of the Andes" challenges the admiration of the world. Our boasted northern civilization has yet much to learn from our southern brothers. Still generally but little is known of South America and her peoples.

The fundamental reason for the lack of intercourse and sympathy between the peoples of North and South America is an historical one. The streams of exploration, colonization, and commerce which resulted in the settling of South America issued from southern Europe. The forces that builded our own great republic found their origin in northern Europe. Between the men whose cradles are softly rocked by the zephyrs of the Mediterranean and the men whose infancy is with difficulty sheltered from the furies of the northern Atlantic, wide and essential differences exist. The races of the north are industrious, serious, conservative and prudent; those of the South are lazy, sunny-tempered, radical and passionate. Nowhere is this difference more strikingly illustrated than in the heroes whom these peoples worship as the authors of their liberties. Contrast the stern, legal-minded Simon de Montfort, wresting Magna Charta from an unwilling king, with Rienzi, last and fiercest of the tribunes! What a difference between Cromwell, slowly and silently leading his grim Ironsides to the battles of the Lord, and with the inevitableness of fate crushing forever the fabric of royal despotism,



and Garibaldi, flashing like a meteor from one end of Italy to the other, enthusiastically proclaiming liberty and union to an enslaved and disunited race. The Southern patriot is more emotional than his northern brother. His devotion is more intense and disinterested, yet withal it is less stable and more liable to be misled in the maze of ambition and political intrigue. A striking example of this type of patriotism we behold in Simon Bolivar, who alone of South American heroes has fulfilled the world's measure of greatness.

The story of his life is replete with the romance of the South. At fifteen he leaves Venezuela to complete his education by European travel. At eighteen he is back. He has seen Rome, and deeply moved by the contemplation of her fallen splendor, has taken the perilous vow to liberate South America, perhaps that he might establish there an empire more splendid than Rome in all her glory. He has visited Paris, and beheld the seething, hellish ferment of a revolution and the inspiring triumph of popular rights. Finally, he has sojourned in Spain to woo a black-eyed maiden in the gardens of the Alhambra, and forget his restless dreams of Roman greatness and Parisian liberty. But Liberty's goddess brooks no rival. Sternly she sacrifices Bolivar's wife upon her altar, and sends her champion into the lists alone. Henceforth the strange vicissitudes of heroism are his. Now he lurks serpent-like among the forests of the Orinoco, treacherously to strike his Spanish prey. Again, he scales the rugged ascent of the Andes, like liberty's eagle proclaiming the year of jubilee to the enslaved of earth. Yet again, and he is born by victorious legions to the conquest of a continent, and his eyes are bright with the lurid gleam of ambition and intrigue. Last of all, he is thrust forth an exile, and dies by the shore of the restless sea, sobbing like him with yearning unfulfilled.

Such is the romance that thinly veils the tragedy of this man's life—the tragedy of a hero who saved others, yet could not save himself. True to his southern blood, Bolivar was passionate and restless. The career in which these qualities found expression was one of intense and feverish activity. Sometimes this activity served the ends of patriotism; at others those of ambition. No stern unbending will controlled the fierce restlessness of his nature and so, not to

be denied expression, it made of him at once the liberator of South America and the tyrant of Peru. Enlisted in the service of his fatherland, Bolivar is a type of pure, unmixed devotion. Bent on gratifying his own thirst for power, he is a very Caesar in his inordinate and insatiate ambition. Ambition and unselfishness, these two waged bitter warfare over this man's life, and at its close, unselfishness had made him the liberator and founder of five republics; ambition had robbed him of the fruits of his toil and branded him a traitor to the peoples he had begotten.

When on the death of his wife Bolivar returned to Venezuela, a crisis had arrived in his country's history. For three hundred years the leaden gloom of Spanish tyranny had hung over South America. No ray of light had penetrated the long night of oppression, save the fitful flicker of some will-o'-the-wisp of the marshes that betrayed the hopes of the deluded peoples that followed after it. At the opening of the nineteenth century, the Creole population of northern South America was in a state of complete and degraded servitude. The government was in the hands of Spanish viceroys of the tribe of Alva and the Pizarros. What little commerce was carried on served only to fill Spanish coffers. Aspiration and labor were unknown terms to the Creoles, for increase of wealth had come to mean simply increase of taxation. As a result, the luxuriant valleys of the Orinoco and the fertile hill slopes of the Andes were as barren of useful products as the unreached, snow-capped peaks on which the condor of the mountains built his cheerless home. Dense ignorance, too, prevailed among these people, for Spanish tyranny was ever averse to popular education. Worst of all, the Roman priesthood, from of old the staunch ally of Spanish tyranny, had for three centuries taught the children of the Creoles the fatal falsehood that it was sin, unpardoned by the mercy of God as by the indulgences of the Church, to pray for deliverance from the hand of the oppressor. Two hundred years of Russian despotism has crushed the Polish nation and the Polish people alike, and Russian despotism cannot compare for abjectness and cruelty with the tyranny which Spain has ever blindly exercised over her colonies. Be it said, therefore, to the everlasting honor of the Creole that three centuries of servitude had not crushed his spirit. Tyranny goaded him at last to revolution.



Simon Bolivar headed the revolt of Venezuela. Enthusiasm and able leadership ensured its immediate success; the Spanish were driven from the country and a liberal government was established in Caracas. Within eight months the city was destroyed by an earthquake, and a priest-ridden populace read in the unrest of the elements the vengeful judgment of God upon their revolt from Spain. Royal government was restored without question. Like a volcano the wrath of the Creole had broken forth—and was silenced. Not so the spirit of Simon Bolivar. Three times the intrepid warrior hurled himself with a handful of men against the bulwark of Spanish despotism. Three times his army was exterminated, and he himself wandered an exile over the islands of the Caribbean. Undaunted, he returned secretly and established a rendezvous in the dark recesses of the forests of the Orinoco. Sallying forth, he destroyed one Spanish army, only to be repulsed by another. Venezuela could not be freed. But the spirit of liberty was strong upon Bolivar, and he must needs fight her battles. He plans to cross the Andes in the heart of winter, surprise the Spanish in New Grenada, crush them, and with a greater force turn back to the liberation of his own country. Two-thirds of his men fell on that terrible march. Theirs, however, was the blood that sealed liberty's triumph. Thenceforth nothing could withstand the prowess of Bolivar and the enthusiasm of his soldiery. In a trice, New Grenada was rid of its oppressors, and, turning about, Bolivar hastened back to Venezuela. Mad with the intoxication of success, he stayed for naught. His enthusiasm was irrepressible, his courage dauntless, his energy tireless. The Spanish fled before him like the leaves of autumn before the breath of winter. Venezuela rose as a man to greet its deliverer. Eight years after the fatal earthquake the Creoles again held the feast of liberty in the streets of Caracas. Songs of triumph were upon their lips, and the nobility of the free man sat upon their brows, as they hailed their matchless hero, the warrior-captain of the army of the liberation,—this Creole—this half breed—Simon Bolivar!

Bolivar had accomplished his mission and the task had not been light. He had liberated a people who had no intelligent desire for liberty or clear conception of its meaning. He had organized

armies out of unpatriotic criminals and slaves. He had in twelve years demolished a despotism, which it took the United Netherlands eight decades to overthrow. His example had encouraged patriots throughout South America, and lighted the beacon-fires of liberty on the frontiers of Chili, Bolivia and Peru. In all this he had displayed the purest unselfishness. His devotion had been complete. His reward was ample,—he was the recognised hero of his race.

Standing upon this summit of attainment, he encountered a fiery trial. His restless spirit thirsted for activity, and found none in the dull task of the political reconstruction of Venezuela. But across the Andes lay vast nations still under Spanish rule, and praying for deliverance. They clamored for a leader. Should liberty's call go unheeded now? All the resources of Venezuela were at his command. Should he not use them in the liberation of suffering peoples? Should not all America be free? Should not Simon Bolivar be the founder of empires yet unborn? Standing once more upon the summit of the Andes, the countries of South America stretched out before him; all these Ambition promised to give unto him, and having knelt before her, he went forth to fight her battles. Think not that thus to yield to the wiles of Ambition is the mark of inferiority. She is the subtle mistress who has seduced genius throughout the ages. History records no loftier character than Mohammed, the Arabian, yet at Ambition's bidding he put the sword into the hand of the Saracen, and sent forth a curse upon the earth. Cardinal Wolsey might have been the founder of the English Church had not Ambition made him the grovelling slave of royalty. Daniel Webster took upon himself the blood of the black man and drank the bitter dregs of politics, that he might wield the paper scepter of a nominal power.

Bolivar's career of conquest was brilliant. He drove the Spanish from New Grenada, Bolivia and Peru, and was made Perpetual Dictator in each of these countries under constitutions of his own manufacture. It was not long, however, before he became overbearing and intolerant. People realized that the tyranny of Bolivar was no improvement upon the tyranny of Spain, and the Liberator turned enthusiastically to the task of subjecting the people he once had freed. In the midst of this work he was called back



to Venezuela. Grown tired of his military despotism, the Creoles had established a republican form of government. The aged captain, still entranced in his vision of power, attempted to regain his authority. Caracas, the city of his birth and of his triumph, exiled him—a traitor to the fatherland which owed him its existence and its liberty.

By the hearth stone of every loyal Creole's home is an image of Simon Bolivar. Posterity recognizes greatness. Forgetting the weakness which branded him a traitor, it enshrines in the memory of a grateful people the devotion that made him their hero. When the Creole shall have come forth from the long night of his debasement, and shall have achieved the redemption made possible by Simon Bolivar, mankind will write this man among its heroes, and throughout the undreamed of ages of the future, Liberty's angel shall watch in tenderness over his memory, even as a mother broods sadly over the son that has betrayed her love.



## The Fate of the Viking

The storm wind burst o'er sand and cliff,  
And lashed with furious whip  
The prancing billows heaven-ward,  
Around the Viking ship.

'tWas Hako's pirate-boat, much feared  
Beyond the German seas.  
His name was spoken tremblingly,  
Far into Frankish leas.

He'd just returned from a long cruise  
With booty, rich and fine;  
And cruelly ravished from her land,  
The maiden Gwendoline.

"By Thor!" the Norse-man roughly swore,  
Henceforth I am your lord,  
When Drake, my ship with plunder rich,  
Sails into Sogne-fjord."

The head-lands loomed, the breakers boomed,  
The storm-lashed waves leaped high;  
And shrill above the thundering roar,  
The storm-bird's dismal cry.

The Viking ship sped o'er the seas,  
The spray hid crag and rock,  
When—suddenly, a mournful groan,  
And then a frightful shock.

Like an octopus's greedy arms,  
The waves craved for their prey;  
And in their cold and deadly grasp,  
Bore men and ship away.

But O, what mockery of Fate!  
The wicked Viking sneered  
At Death, the mightiest warrior  
Not even then he feared.



The sea smote him upon the rock,  
 To die his death alone;  
 While surging waves with heaving breasts  
 His dreary death-song moan.

But Gwendoline escaped such lot.  
 A plank her lightly bore.  
 It carried, o'er the wat'ry grave,  
 Her safely to the shore.

King Hako saw his prey escape,  
 His face, with anger red;  
 He drew his gleaming sword, and swore,  
 "My bride, alive or dead!"

The steel-sword clashed, the lightning flashed,  
 And then a hellish burst.  
 The waves rolled o'er with thund'ring roar,  
 The second after first.

And still the clash and laugh is heard,  
 When billows, proud and fierce,  
 Break o'er the craggy Hako-stones,  
 Just as in former years.

And when the lightning-flash lights up  
 The Viking's ghastly frame,  
 The sword, which still it holds aloft,  
 Shoots forth a glowing flame.

Henry K. Pasma.

## The Sailor of Genoa

THE pathway to the Imperial Court of true nobility is steep and rugged. No one has ever yet reached the mountain-height of glory except through arduous effort and unwavering perseverance. Study the life of any great man, and you will find this to be true. Go with me tonight to the island of Haiti—to the cathedral of San Domingo, and there we shall discover the ashes of one of mankind's heroes, whose life is a brilliant instance of my proposition. This man's life was like a star suddenly emerging from the darkness, shedding its effulgent beams for a short interval, and then suddenly fading away into the darkness from which it has come. Matured and reared in obscurity, this man came forth to be the torch-bearer of a new era of enlightenment, and, at length, to die in obscurity. Yet, though the star has ceased to shine, its brilliance still illuminates mankind. All mankind venerates this man's memory; all nations lay garlands of praise at his sepulchre.

Do you ask for his name? You have heard it times innumerable. It is a household name; it is respected and cherished throughout the world. His work? It was his task to perform the colossal achievement of the Christian era—an achievement that has won for him universal gratitude. Memorials of wood and stone have been reared to perpetuate his memory; but there can be no greater monument to his fame than our own America—the boast of her people, "the pride of the world." With America is inseparably linked the remembrance of Christopher Columbus, the sailor of Genoa.

But what were the circumstances, what the occasion that has forever coupled these two names in the annals of history?

History has painted perhaps no darker picture than that of Europe during the midnight desolation of the Dark Ages. This was, indeed, an era of great intellectual and moral darkness. Rome, proud city of the Caesars and boastful mistress of the world, had succumbed to the vice and corruption of her citizens; and a race of barbarians had made her an object of scorn among the peoples of the earth. As a result of this, education was dethroned. Gross ignorance prevailed. Scepticism and superstition wrought havoc among



the minds of men. Priests and pontiffs of the christian church, secure as to its continuance, and emboldened by the amassing of dense, impenetrable clouds of intellectual darkness, became licentious, debased, demoralized. Religion became a mockery. Justice was exiled from the law-courts. Oppression waxed violent. Right was trampled under foot.

But, though the Pandora box of evils seemed to have been emptied, hope remained; all was not yet lost. There were still a few who had not bowed to the idols of that dark age. Buried in the gloom and seclusion of the monasteries were men who preserved from utter oblivion many of the fragments of ancient learning, fostered the culture of the soil, and inculcated in their pupils the principles of justice and truth. Peter the Hermit came forth from solitude to become the preacher of the Crusades; and these gave rise to the great Revival of Learning that spread its benign influence throughout all Europe. Schools and universities were established; towns arose from the ashes of desolation; government became less absolute. Men like Marco Polo and John de Mandeville, inspired by the tales of returning crusaders, left the bounds of Europe, traversed the Mediterranean Sea to the opulent Indies, and returned with glowing stories of Oriental splendor and magnificence. Soon the Mediterranean became the scene of great commercial activity. Now arose a brisk trade with the Orient, and this became Europe's treasure-house.

Such were the signs that predicted a brighter era. But, before the advent of that era, the Saracen—dread harbinger of ill, curse of humanity, blight of civilization—sallied forth once more to harass Europe. The same fanatic blood that surged in the veins of the Moslem at Tours began to manifest itself anew in the haughty, mongrel Turk. He sent forth his armies, captured Constantinople, devastated and pillaged the Holy Land, and blocked Europe's avenues of trade with the Orient. Another crucial moment in the history of Europe had come. The Orient, land of spices and pearls!—how now could access be gained to its bounties? This was the problem that demanded solution, the question that agitated Europe's peoples; and someone must answer it, someone must overcome the difficulty.

The years roll on. Europe is still calling for a deliverer.

Portugal has been actively engaged in dispatching expeditions along the coast of Africa, hoping thus ultimately to reach the coveted goal of the nations. Prince Henry, son of the Portuguese monarch, has gathered about him the wisest geographers of the age; but the mystery is yet unsolved. Where is the man equal to the occasion? Whence will come the genius of the century? Let men look for him not amidst the glamour and magnificence of a regal court. Forth from a home of poverty in the city of Genoa comes Europe's champion—Christopher Columbus.

This man, gifted with genius and inspired by lofty motives, withal splendidly equipped to become one of the greatest navigators of the Christian era, presented himself to the royal court of Portugal. Clad in a thread bare coat that bespoke but too plainly his extreme poverty, he declared his belief in the sphericity of the earth, and proposed to reach the Indies by sailing westward across the mysterious Atlantic. But how startling this theory! Could men sail downward and return? Could anyone be so intrepid, so reckless as to venture forth upon a trackless ocean—a chaos of mystery and darkness? Could men give heed to a doctrine so revolutionary in its character, so subversive of the knowledge of that day? The result was inevitable. Columbus' proposition was rejected.

Eighteen years of toil, anguish, solicitude, discouragement and disappointment furrow our hero's brow with the marks of care and sorrow and crown his head with the snowy garland of old age. What a furnace of refining they were for the ardent, impetuous Columbus! The genius of his age has knocked at the doors of men's minds, but has received no answer. To-day he stands before Ferdinand and Isabella—before the rulers of Spain, who have but recently celebrated their triumph over the infidel Moor. He stands undaunted, pleads the cause of heathendom across the seas and of the Holy Sepulchre defiled by the barbarous Turk, pictures the immense riches of the Orient, and proposes his old plan with vehemence and boldness. But Ferdinand is stern, stubborn, implacable; Columbus must wait. Once more baffled and disappointed, our hero leaves the presence of the Spanish sovereigns, purposing with himself to quit pleasant, sunny Spain forever. But re-



gret stirs the heart of the noble Isabella. She realizes that an opportunity for the extension of the church and for the advance of Spain as a nation has perhaps been lost. With all speed she sends a courier, and summons the dejected Columbus back to court. Columbus' terms are accepted. The felicitous moment has come. Columbus is victor at last.

One more scene, and the picture will be complete. Go with me, nine months later, to the morning of Oct. 12, 1492, and behold three frail vessels advancing rapidly westward. They are the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria—the fleet of the sailor of Genoa. Columbus and his men are far from home. Behind him lies the vast expanse of water which they have traversed for many weary days. behind that the sunny, vine clad hills of beloved Spain; before them—what? Will the glorious orb of day reveal to them the beauties of the Orient, with all the pomp and opulence of its kings? Will this day witness the success of their enterprise, and rank their names among those of earth's greatest heroes? Columbus peers anxiously into the darkness. Now the shadows are fleeing. It is a critical moment. Silence reigns. O! destiny, what hast thou decreed for Columbus? Must that intrepid soul again be dismayed? Must he again suffer the pangs and tortures of disappointment? Hark! A voice breaks the stillness. Hark! Cannon boom through the clear ocean-air. Hark! Voices of joy and thanksgiving mingle their jubilant tones in the joyful cry of "Land!" that rings from ship to ship. It is true. Columbus' day of rejoicing has come. O, ye merry, chattering songsters, ye gentle soothing zephyrs of the west wind, ye mighty, raging billows of the ocean, herald the joyful tidings to Genoa, to Spain, to Europe, to all mankind that Christopher Columbus has discovered a new world!

The consummation of Columbus' faith, hope, perseverance, and intrepidity was not, as he hoped, the discovery of a westward route to the Indies. It was far greater—it was the revelation to a wonder stricken world of a new continent, henceforth to be the goal of European commerce and colonization. This was the result of the colossal enterprise of a soul inspired by motives grand and sublime. Ask you for a witness of Columbus' fame? Ask you what has preserved his name immaculate upon the scroll of history? Then turn

your eyes to your own country, and ponder and meditate on her greatness. Look to America, land of opulence and prosperity, home of civil and religious liberty—consecrated to be a blessing to humanity by the zeal and heroism of the Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock; dedicated to be a warning to tyranny and oppression by the blood of the martyred heroes of the Revolution; preserved from disruption and decay by the heroic sacrifice of devoted, patriotic sons of the Civil war. America of today, land of civilization and enlightenment—what a contrast to the wilderness of 1492! The red man, barbarous and untaught; the American, cultured and refined—what an upward trend has civilization wrought! Mankind perceives the vast transformation, and for this gives a deserved meed of praise to our hero, the sailor of Genoa.

I need not picture to you the subsequent career of Columbus. You know the sad story of his further efforts to find a westward passage to the Indies—of his baffled hopes and repeated disappointments, of the inconstancy and faithlessness of his comrades and contemporaries, of his continued illness and imprisonment. Disappointed and weary of the ills of life, he lay down to die, little realizing the grandeur and sublimity of the work he had accomplished: little realizing that the dark clouds now lowering over his achievements would be dispelled, and that countless thousands would yet herald his praises in the centuries to be; little realizing that he had won for himself a title that ranked him as one of the greatest heroes of the Christian era. Calumny and disgrace followed Columbus to his grave; death itself could not liberate his fame from the terrible rapacity of ingratitude. O, despicable shame! O, contemptible insolence! The new world, which he had discovered for humanity, was christened with the name of a pretender.

In that mausoleum at San Domingo our hero sleeps. The tumultuous Atlantic with its heaving billows and dashing spray sounds his requiem. Silence rules in that cold and sombre tomb; yet the silent dust of our hero is animate with messages of cheer and admonition. Forth from that stately sepulchre peals in tones majestic and sublime the voice of Inspiration, bidding men to press onward and upward in spite of persecution and discouragement; and to encourage them she utters the immortal name Columbus. O,



here is the shrine where nations may pile high their garlands and laurel wreaths, here is the shrine where all mankind may shed tears of joy and gratitude, here is the shrine where men may ponder and contemplate the grandeur of a life spent in the service of God and humanity! O, weep, ye peoples, when you read of the miseries and discouragements of this lowly man of Genoa—weep, when you read of his sad death; but rejoice, O, America, Europe, and all nations, when you behold and survey the effulgence and splendor of his vast accomplishment!

M. A. Stegeman.



### Early Morning

The robin is singing among the tall trees;  
 The grass in the meadow is swayed by the breeze;  
 The season is summer, the day has just broke,  
 And the old black crow caws from his perch on the oak.  
 Across the green fields comes the lowing of herds;  
 And to the great sun, just rising, the birds  
 Sing sweet notes of music, and praises to Him  
 Who cares for their young ones and bids them take wing.

M. J. Stegeman.



### A Day

The day—what joy it bringeth,  
 If we but use its hours aright!  
 The sunny hours which pass between  
 The morning and the night.  
 The day—how sad the parting—when,  
 Adown the shining west,  
 It goes forever from our sight  
 A beauteous, misused guest.

Cornelius E. Boone, "A."

## Mrs. G. J. Kollen

On Thursday, Mar. 16th, Mrs. G. J. Kollen, the wife of President Kollen and the mother of Miss Estelle Kollen, '08, passed away after a long illness. She was the daughter of Rev. Dr. A. C. Van Raalte, the founder of the Colony. Mrs. Kollen is known in the community as a sweet friend, a faithful wife and a true mother. In the students she has always had a deep interest. Even in the last few months of painful illness she could appreciate their work and play, even the noise that sometimes accompanied them. None of those students now upon the campus remember the time when Mrs. Kollen was well; for all of them a silent sympathy with Dr. Kollen in his affliction was one of the first things they acquired after entering college. Mrs. Kollen's death cast a deep gloom over the entire institution.

College exercises were suspended on Friday and Monday. The funeral was held Monday afternoon. Dr. J. W. Beardslee of the Seminary conducted the exercises at the home. Professors Bergen and VanderMeulen officiated in Hope church. The college quartet, the Hope church quartet, and Mrs. G. J. Diekema furnished music. The entire student body marched as escort from the home to the church and thence to the cemetery. In the mass meeting held March 20th the following resolutions were adopted by the students:



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Whereas it hath pleased a merciful Providence to take from our midst Mrs. G. J. Kollen, the beloved wife of our President and the mother of our fellow student, Miss Estelle Kollen;

Whereas the deceased has always had a quiet but deep interest in the student-body, and even during her protracted illness never failed to sympathize with our activities and appreciate our silent regard;

And whereas the bereavement of our stricken head affects the entire College, and the sorrow that has come upon him and our beloved fellow-student has cast a deep gloom over us all;

Therefore be it resolved that we, the students of Hope College, hereby express our deep sense of loss at this death and extend our sincerest sympathies to our bereaved President and his daughter, commending them to the tender and comforting ministrations of our Heavenly Father and of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, the great Healer of all sorrow.

Further be it resolved that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. Kollen, and also that they be published in "De Hope," the "Anchor" and the "Christian Intelligencer."

A. J. MUSTE.  
CHRISTIAN A. BROEK.  
A. JUDSON KOLYN.  
Committee.

Holland, Mich., March 17, 1905.

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## The Anchor.

Published by THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, Hope College, Holland, Michigan

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## The State Contest.

The State Oratorical Contest was held March 3 at Albion College. A delegation of twenty-five accompanied Hope's orator, as usual, the young ladies of the party did most to create a good impression for our college among the other delegates. The large representation of co-eds in our delegations is a feature that has repeatedly being pronounced "allright" by the men and co-eds of other colleges. All delegations were royally entertained by the Albion people.

The contest itself was held in the college chapel at 7:30. Music



was furnished at various intervals in the program by students of the Albion Conservatory. The first orator was E. O. Gildart of Albion. His oration, "The Pioneer of the Middle West" was well written. Mr. Gildart's delivery was pleasant and polished, if not easy.

David O. Johnson of Alma delivered a speech on "Christianity and Social Unity" with a great deal of enthusiasm and force. Vigorous use of the arms characterized his delivery. His oration seemed worthy of high rank on thought though lacking in style.

Hillsdale departed from the beaten path of philosophical orations and presented a philosophico-biographical production on "Martin Luther." Mr. Wood's delivery, however, was monotonous. His voice might have been pleasant had it not been strained.

Of Mr. Bush, our own representative, we need only say that he did his duty well. None of the other speakers held the audience as well as he. It was his misfortune that we did not draw the lucky number in this year's lottery.

"Oliver Cromwell" by Mr. Fitzgerald of Kalamazoo College was a strong production. The speaker lisped; his delivery failed to impress the audience.

A. J. Anderson represented M. A. C. with an oration on "The Volunteer Soldiers of America" that was full of beautiful and patriotic sentiment. He was hampered in his delivery by a severe cold.

"Gettysburg" was for the hundredth time described to us by J. M. Andress of Ypsilanti. The speakers' delivery was remarkable only for its appeal to emotion.

Chas. R. Tiebout of Olivet delivered the winning oration on "Luther and the Reformation." The speech is marked by the trend of thought and the excellence in style that always characterize Olivet's orations. Mr. Tiebout's delivery had an individuality about it that probably won him the decision.

Mr. Obee of Adrian was unfortunate in coming last on the program with an oration on the liquor traffic, a subject which most college audiences look upon with indifference or else treat humorously.

Such is our view of the contest and the contestants. What the judges thought about it follows:

Name of Contestants	Names of Judges on Manuscript						Names of Judges on Delivery						Summaries		
	C. M. Young		S. C. Mc Cormack		H. B. Gough		Summary on Manuscript	Harris		McAlvay		Hopkins		Delivery Rank	Final Summary Rank
	Grd.	Rk.	Grd.	Rk.	Grd.	Rk.		Grd.	Rk.	Grd.	Rk.	Grd.	Rk.		
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Rk. ....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
E. O. Gildart	71	6	80	6	92	2	4	90	1	86	1	84	1	1	2
D. A. Johnson	61	9	95	1	55	8	6	80	5	55	7	77	6	6	7
C. J. Wood	95	1	87	4	88	4	2	61	9	52	8	83	2	7	4
B. J. Bush	77	5	86	5	65	7	5	66	8	66	5	76	7	8	8
F. Fitzgerald	83	4	89	3	77	6	3	89	2	56	6	73	9	5	5
G. J. Anderson	68	7	78	8	90	3	6	67	7	78	2	78	5	4	6
J. M. Andress	90	2	79	7	79	5	4	78	6	77	3	82	3	3	3
C. R. Tiebout	86	3	90	2	94	1	1	82	3	72	4	81	4	2	1
C. W. Obee	65	8	77	9	46	9	7	81	4	51	9	75	8	9	9
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

Note: Grd.—Grade; Rk.—Rank.



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Judges on Thought and Style: Chancellor S. C. McCormack, Western University of Pa. Dean Clark M. Young, University of South Dakota. President Harry B. Gough, Hedding College, Ill.

Judges on Delivery: J. H. Harris, Sup't. of Schools, Pontiac, Mich. Judge J. C. Hopkins, Battle Creek. Judge A. V. McAlvay, Lansing.

An attempt to prevent the dissatisfaction with decisions that was such a prominent feature of former contests, was made by means of a new system of marking. Each judge on thought and style was requested to mark the orations on the basis of worth in choice of subject, intellectuality, emotional appeal and expression. Judges on delivery were asked to mark voice, control, vocables (articulation etc), action, and personality. It was thought that this

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system would so limit the judges in their conception of the essentials of oratory and so narrow them down in their judgments that some sort of uniformity in decisions would be obtained. The result was very disappointing; and there was as much dissatisfaction as ever. The matter has now been taken in hand by the professors of literature and oratory in the state colleges, mainly on the initiative of Prof. Nykerk of Hope, Prof. Nadal of Olivet and Dr. Edwards of M. A. C. Definite action has not yet been taken by them. It would seem, however, that comparatively little can be done to prevent the dissatisfaction attending these decisions. The most needed change seems to be that less importance should be attached to the decisions, favorable or unfavorable, and that the contests be participated in by the various colleges not for the sake of an occasional victory, but for the sake of the advantage they offer to the orators and their colleges, for the college spirit they engender, and for the intercourse between men of various colleges for which they give opportunity.

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### Dr. Willett.

The last number of the College Lecture course for this year was a lecture on "The Man of Nazareth" by Dr. H. L. Willett of the University of Chicago. Dr. Willett has a deep, pleasant voice and an engaging presence. He presented his subject in a very popular way. It is a great complement to his oratorical powers that he was able to hold his audience for two hours without indulging in stories or humor. After describing conditions that prepared the way for the coming of Christ, he told, in a conversational way, some of the incidents of Jesus' life. His closing paragraphs were a refutation of some of the views of Renan and higher critics. It was quite remarkable to hear conservative and orthodox views so boldly announced in a popular lecture by a Biblical scholar from the University of Chicago. The lecture brought the course to a very successful close.

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### Alumni Notes

As the close of the present Seminary year is approaching many of our alumni are considering what shall be the field of their first labors in the gospel ministry. Of the Senior class in the Western Theological Seminary, J. Wesselink, '01 has the promise of calls from the Reformed churches of New Holland, Mich., of Rock Valley, Ia., and of Silver Creek, Minn. He expects to accept the New Holland charge.

John Van Peurse, '02 has accepted the provisional call to Coopersville, Mich. John Vander Beek, '02 has been asked to come to Oak Harbor, Wash.

Princeton Theological Seminary graduates two of our alumni of the class of '02. Henry De Pree has received the promise of a call from Bethel, Ia., and Berend Bruins from the combined charge of Sully and Bethlehem, Ia. May Hope's boys be successful.

'80 Many friends in Holland and Zeeland rejoice over the decision of Rev. J. P. DeJong to remain pastor of the First Reformed church of Zeeland. He has declined the call to Pella, Ia. An accession to his church of 21 on confession of faith, has rejoiced the heart of the Zeeland dominie.

'83 Rev. E. J. Blekkink has commenced his labors as pastor of the Third Reformed church of Holland. His installation was set for March 24.

'01 Word has reached us that John G. Winter, now attending U. of M., has been appointed Instructor in Greek to fill assistant-Professor Pattengill's place during his stay abroad.

'89 Rev. Henry Hospers of Englewood, Ill., will move to Rose-land to become pastor of the large Reformed church there.

'96 Rev. F. J. Lubbers of Albany, N. Y. is desired by the church at Dalton, Ill., to labor in their midst. He has also received calls from Hospers and Baldwin, Wis.

'99 Rev. Peter Braak of Westfield, S. Dak., has declined the call to Grace church, Grand Rapids.

Rev. J. DeYongh of Pella, Neb., has declined the call to Carmel, Iowa.



### Faculty Resolutions

Whereas it has pleased God to take the beloved wife of our President, Dr. G. J. Kollen, to the heavenly home, we, the faculty of Hope College, desire to give the following expression to our feeling:—

1st. That we cherish the memory of our departed sister, who was ever such a loyal friend to both students and faculty and who, even through all her long illness, continued to take so deep and kindly an interest in all that pertained to our institution:

2nd. That we assure Dr. Kollen and his daughter of our heartfelt sympathy in this darkest grief of their lives and pray that the comforting promises of Christ and the ministrations of the Holy Spirit may uphold and strengthen them:

3rd. That we pledge our President renewedly our loyal and loving support in his labors now made doubly hard by the loss of Mrs. Kollen's manifest sympathy:

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be given to Dr. Kollen and that they be printed in our church papers, De Hope, The Christian Intelligencer, and in our College paper, The Anchor.

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